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THE MINSTREL LYRE,

A COLLECTION OF

METRICALS,

BY

ELLEN.

"Come take the harp, 'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see!
Oh! take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee."

MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA.
Atkinson & Alexander, Printers.

1827.

PS 991
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Gift
Joseph S. Dunaiva
August 15, 1935

PREFACE.

IN introducing this little volume for public patronage, the authoress cannot omit stating, it is not through any vain or presumptuous motive, that she is prompted to the measure; yet trusts, that a train of deep felt misfortunes, early allotted to her fate, will prove a sufficient apology to protect it from the unfavourable opinion of the most fastidious.

ELLEN.

ROBBER AND PEASANT.

CANTO 1.

TWILIGHT—A Robber encounters a Peasant in the forest—who surprised at his approach and uncouth appearance, endeavours to retreat, but is detained by the friendly accost of the tenant of its shades.

STRANGER! whither wouldst thou flee,
Harm thee soon Vialdo can;
Yet no wrong I offer thee,
Though a robber, I'm a man.

I no coward arm will raise
O'er thy unprotected head;
But will guide thee through this maze,
Where but seldom mortals tread.

Come, for thou art welcome, sage,
First I'll lead thee to my cave,
For I see thee worn with age,
Thou shalt there no danger brave.

I have choicest viands there,
Plunder'd dainties in supply ;
Thou of them may'st freely share,
On my bounty now rely.

Though I head a noble band,
Taught to plunder and destroy,
Yet the poor, at my command,
Often find a source of joy.

Never yet have I oppress'd
Those who truly were in need ;
Their wants I rather have redress'd
By a kind or noble deed.

Stranger, I was once like thee,
Once possessed a christian soul ;
Once I little thought to be
Weltering in pollution foul.

Once no deeds of darkest hue
Stamp'd my heart with savage guilt ;
Nor thought these hands e'er to imbrue
In the human blood I've spilt.

By the lamp of night you see,
Yonder lies my home all rude;
Stranger, fearless follow me,
Thy trusting steps I'll guide to good.

STRANGER.

I'll follow, robber, to thy cave,
Thou hast said no danger's there;
I would prove thee true and brave,
Yet no bounty bid me share.

Food nor gold I ask of thee,
Shouldst thou them to me extend;
Thy honour now I trust to see,
On this prop I now depend.

I am weary, worn with years,
Journeying on my lonely way;
Oft my path is marked with tears,
Oft those drops my cheek o'erstray.

Yes, my troubled aspect shows,
And the gloom upon my brow,
Plainly, noble youth, disclose
The sorrows which my breast o'erflow.

I, indeed, no wealth can boast,
Hard and humble is my fate;
Though by cruel fortune toss'd,
I have sunk from bliss elate.

Far beyond the trackless gloom
Of this lone sequestered wood,
I a peasant's life assume,
There my cottage long has stood.

There unknown I long have sought
To forget my poignant cares;
Though on memory's tablet wrought,
Not to be effac'd by years.

Yet, ah! why should I recount,
Truly, to a stranger's breast;
Why let fall from memory's fount,
Things that cannot be redress'd.

Yet to thee will I reveal
In part, the sources of my grief;
Though thy soul is taught to feel,
Thou can'st yield me no relief.

ROBBER AND PEASANT.

CANTO 2.

They enter the cave, which is faintly illuminated with a single torch—disgusting remains of mortality discovered in a gloomy recess at the extremity of the cavern.

ROBBER.

Stranger, enter thou my cave,
Nor disdain my proffered fare;
'Tis the only meed I have,
Quick dispel thy gloom and care

All my comrades now are gone,
I forlorn must here remain,
While the weary night glides on,
Hear me now the cause explain.

Mark you not this wound severe,
On this now enfeebled arm;
Tremble not, the wretch austere,
Nought again will ever harm.

Vengeance dire on him I'd wreak,
Who his leader dare offend,
Or by private measures seek
To take the life he should defend.

Leander was a noble youth,
Once the chosen of my band;
Once by every act in truth,
Proved obedient at command.

But of late he haughty grew,
Nor the cause could I discern;
Doubts I could not well subdue
Made my soul indignant burn.

Stranger, some few weeks have fled,
Since I learn'd his base design;
He beneath my vengeance bled,
For assuming rights of mine.

Yes, his proud, his haughty soul,
Sought to claim a higher sphere;
And by deed of murder foul,
Reign commanding monarch here.

And one morn, at early dawn,
Ere was seen the orient ray,
Gleaming o'er the dewy lawn,
Or along the eastern way,

I had roved in search of game,
Through this dark retired wood,
When unobserv'd Leander came,
To sheathe his dagger in my blood.

I no thought of danger knew;
Horror seiz'd me, and surprise,
When on me his dirk he drew,
Saying, "brave Vialdo dies."

Stranger, I, by anger fired,
Threw the villain to the ground;
Soon the gasping wretch expired;
I had plung'd a mortal wound.

He for mercy did implore,
Yet he did no mercy meet;
Proudly did I view his gore,
Pouring, curling round my feet.

As a stern example, see
There his hated relics lie ;
Those who dare offend as he,
Soon like him will learn to die.

Meagre tho' his form appears,
And disgusting to thy view,
Hoary stranger, check thy tears,
Every painful doubt subdue.

Wrong, there is none meant to thee,
Now, no dagger near thee rears ;
Yes, in lost Vialdo see
One who will respect thy years.

Stranger, now thy tale commence,
Soon the night will soar away ;
Ere Vialdo guides thee thence,
We must view returning day.

STRANGER.

I no deed of horror fear,
Tho' my life is at thy will ;
Let thy honour then appear,
And thy promise strict fulfil.

And, as soon as tardy night
Shall withdraw her sable wing,
Thou wilt guide my step aright,
To thy guidance now I cling.

ROBBER.

Yes, while yet the sullen shade
Lingers o'er approaching day,
Thy command shall be obey'd;
I will bear thee safe away.

Now, hoary sage, I pray thee, tell,
Since I thus have met thee here,
All that hath thy fate befell,
Hast thou friends or kinsfolk near?

Art thou here a stranger cast,
And of kindred friends bereft;
Be thy heart by want downcast;
Hast thou no enjoyments left.

Can I not thy wants supply;
For thou may'st demand of me;
Though a robber, still would I
Gladly prove a friend to thee.

STRANGER.

I indeed no riches want,
For resign'd I humbly live;
That for which my feelings pant,
Robber, thou can'st never give.

Riches I did once possess;
Once a spacious mansion, too;
Then did sweet enjoyment bless
Every moment as it flew.

I a dear companion had,
Shielding angel of my peace;
And as varying seasons fled,
Did united love increase.

She was one exceeding fair,
Her beauty there could rival none;
And in her bosom, sweetly there,
The purest gem of virtue shone.

Then did life propitious glide,
Nothing sought our bliss to mar;
She was all my joy, my pride,
No joy I knew but only her.

Robber, some few years had past
  Since heaven, that made our hearts as one,
To make each link of bliss more fast,
  Blest us with a darling son.

Was my transport then complete?
  Can I e'er the hour forget?
Why did fate my bliss defeat?
  Why will memory pain me yet?

Time on silken pinions flew,
  Joy hung o'er each rolling year,
As in age my boy fair grew,
  Making life and love more dear;

Proudly did we view his form,
  Growing in each manly grace;
While his soul with honour warm,
  Gave to every virtue place.

But the time, the hated hour,
  Clings to memory still anew,
When to serve a tyrant's power,
  War her burnish'd clarion blew.

He possess'd no coward fear,
Dauntless as in years he grew ;
Now beholding battle near,
To her bloody plains he flew.

Ah ! I pray forgive the tear,
Stealing down my wither'd cheek ;
Reminiscence prompts it there,
When of him, my boy, I speak.

Can I e'er forget his look,
Words which from his feelings fell,
When the parting kiss he took,
When he breath'd his last farewell :

Bursting from our fond embrace,
He hastened to the battle field ;
Distance soon the warrior's grace
From our streaming eyes conceal'd.

And oh ! spare, how shall I tell,
All my bosom once enjoyed,
Beneath their tyrant vengeance fell,
By their savage hands destroyed.

Lov'd Maria too then fell,
Emblem of the purest worth ;
E'er I could the blow repel,
A lifeless victim to the earth.

Swift they bore her from my view,
And since that detested hour,
Nought of her—ah, tears renew ;
Thought of her, their drops outpour.

Vainly have I strove to learn
Whether lives my darling boy ;
Hoping still his wish'd return
Yet may yield my bosom joy.

Tho' so many years have fled,
Still I can no tidings hear ;
Ah ! I fear he too has bled,
Has died upon the lap of war.

Robber why that look of thine ;
Why that gleam of fell despair ;
Does thy heart my story pain,
If so, abruptly I forbear.

Why do I that tremor see?
Why that head so madly press?
Youth, can ought relate to me
Thus thy noble mind distress?

Dost thou my Alcanzor know?
Does my absent boy yet live?
Or has some inhuman foe,
Dared the mortal wound to give?

ROBBER.

Stranger, stranger, speak thee on,
Gaze not on this frighted brow;
Stop! stop sure I am undone,
Oh! indeed I'm certain now.

Foul wants that long have past,
Oft infringe my guilty brain:
Round my soul a mould is cast,
Which life's bitterest dregs retain.

When my heart asunder torn
From the cords that round it bind,
Or to hungry monsters borne,
Or to kindred earth consign'd.

Hoary stranger, heed me not,
I in madness sometimes speak ;
Hard like thine has been my lot,
Fate has sought my peace to break.

But resume thy sad'ning tale,
Why should thus my lips intrude ;
Joy may yet thy feelings hail,
Bliss around thy days be strew'd.

STRANGER.

I no joy again shall see,
Heartless is this breast of mine ;
But if ne'er again to me,
May it on that heart of thine.

Ah ! my days are number'd now,
Soon my sun of life will set ;
Calmly then to fate I'll bow,
Sink to earth without regret.

Thou art noble, still art young,
Peace thy moments may inurn,
Tho' thy doings have been wrong,
If thou wilt to virtue turn.

ROBBER.

I to virtue will return,
I will yield thy bosom joy ;
Dearest father, cease to mourn,
View your lost, deluded boy.

Dearest father, see that son,
Once thy manly bosom's pride ;
See a robber—child in me,
Fate so long could thus divide.

Let me press thee to my heart,
Let me blend my tears with thine ;
That which bade our bosoms part,
Now again our hearts entwine.

STRANGER.

Youth, wouldst thou divide my tears,
Shew me thy arm, thy wounded one ;
If there a certain scar appears,
I will own thou art my son.

Yes, oh ! mercy, it is he—
Come my lost repentant child ;
Thanks to heaven, once more to me
Transport on my heart has smil'd.

Blest Maker, thy o'erruling power
Nothing yet decreed in vain;
Blest be this propitious hour,
Blest the son I now regain.

Come then to these aged arms,
Let me fold thee to my breast;
Rapture every pang disarms,
Now my soul is truly blest.

ROBBER.

Dearest parent, take these tears,
They from just contrition flow;
I will solace now thy years,
I will stay thy floods of woe.

Peace shall o'er thy moments reign,
Already she her earnest gives
Father yet thy bliss restrain—
Know thy lost Maria lives.

FATHER.

Does thy sainted mother live,
Sweet companion of my life?
Oh! eternal praises give,
Oh! I'm blest—my son, my wife!

Can my senses then believe
  This I here have heard and seen?
Rapture now my thoughts conceive,
  Yet the image seems a dream.

I have heard Alcanzor speak,
  Why should doubt then hover near:
Felt upon my furrowed cheek,
  Felt his sorrowing contrite tear.

Why, my son, by fate's decree,
  Art thou to these shades consign'd;
Why a robber, son, in thee,
  Should thy aged parent find.

ALCANZOR.

I, to this polluted earth
  Fled from slaughter's bloody fangs;
Pride soon gave to vengeance birth,
  Vengeance to repay her wrongs.

But the beams of morn advance,
  Longer we must not delay;
Father, I will guide thee hence,
  I will lead thee safe away.

Soon will Bertrand's bugle sound,
Soon the band will reach the cave ;
Then if here I am not found,
We a dread pursuit must brave.

When from danger we are free,
I my tale will then explain ;
All that yet relates to me,
Tho' it will my father pain.

Rapid now must be our flight,
Through this forest's dreaded gloom,
Ere a single ray of light,
Our weary wand'ring steps illume.

Should the savage band appear,
And I answer not their call,
Every danger we might fear,
Should we 'neath their pow'r fall.

Soon would they our steps pursue,
Should they judge my true design ;
In our blood their hands imbrue,
And number us with the slain.

I their leader long have been,
Prompter of their direst deeds ;
And if now eloping seen,
Soon Vialdo's bosom bleeds.

Hated tomb of coward guilt,
Sepulchre of death and woe ;
Here the best of blood I've spilt,
Here has virtue been my foe.

Let us hasten from the scene,
Much too long I've linger'd here ;
Morning 'gins to break serene,
Rays of light e'en now appear.

ROBBER AND PEASANT.

CANTO 3.

SUNSET.—Alcanzor and his father are seen emerging from the wood on the following day, in cautious silence, which, at length is broken by the anxious parent.

FATHER.

See the rolling god of day
  Sinks beneath the jasper flood,
See his last retiring ray
  Lingers on yon lofty wood.

Wandered many a mile have we,
  Shades of night will quick appear;
Are we now from danger free,
  Tell me have we yet to fear.

Mute our course we have pursu'd,
  All this dull and trembling way;
Shall we still their fangs elude,
  Son, will converse now betray.

ALCANZOR.

Yes, the glowing orb of light
Now immerses in the wave;
Safety now attends our flight,
We have nought to fear or brave.

See'st thou there yon stately dome,
Gilded by his parting beam,
That for thee shall be a home
E'er another morn shall gleam.

Father, once that home was mine,
Riches then I full possess'd;
All, howe'er, I did resign
To her the dearest of thy breast.

There doth thy Maria dwell,
She whose fate thou didst deplore;
Who before thee lifeless fell,
She whom tyrants from thee tore.

Yes, I mark thy sudden start,
Words the palsied lips deny;
Curb the tumult of thy heart,
Dry the tears that gem thine eye.

Still those tragic drops retain,
Why should rapture bid them flow;
Soon shall cheerful smiles again
Overspread thy care-worn brow.

Soon the pleasing sound of joy,
Through that mansion shall be heard;
All that tyrants would destroy,
Is again to thee restor'd.

FATHER.

Tho' upon the verge of years
That must draw me to the tomb,
Thou wouldst dry the fount of tears,
Now my woe-trod path illume.

Yet, Alcanzor, tell me this,
Wealth and treasure thou hast nam'd;
It will mar thy parent's bliss,
Be they by dishonour gain'd.

If by plunder and design
All these treasures were procur'd,
Know thy parent will disdain
E'er by them to be allured.

ALCANZOR.

Tho' this vile revengeful hand,
Deeds of darkest hue have done;
Father, wealth at my command,
Never was unfairly won.

All the grandeur I have nam'd,
Treasures that will soon be thine,
Were by rights of marriage gain'd,
Never won by deeds rapine.

But that object lov'd so well,
One my soul so dearly prized,
To death an early victim fell,
Was early borne to yonder skies.

And since then no joy I knew,
I forsook the gaudy sphere,
And to ease my heavy woe,
I became a bandit there.

Yet that mother, chaste and kind,
Never since did want discern;
I to her my wealth consign'd,
With many a promise to return.

Years have past and yet I ne'er
Have ventured on those sacred bounds;
Yet thro' my band could often hear,
A settled gloom the place surrounds.

Retired doth that parent dwell,
Unknown to every scene of joy;
And many a secret tear hath fell
For husband and deluded boy.

Yet soon shall music's cheering strain,
Thro' those gloomy chambers sound;
And mingled smiles of love again,
Express with joy—*the lost is found*.

FATHER.

Thank thee, all propitious heaven,
For thy mercies thus in store;
All that thou hast taken—given,
Thou hast blest me o'er and o'er.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO ——.

I own at once, I thought thee such
That few thy heart resembled;
So pure that fancy prized too much
The soul that thus dissembled.

But reason now hath burst the chain
That bound affection to thee,
And bids me treat with cold disdain
The thought I ever knew thee.

Then fare-thee-well—the feelings true,
In fancy's part had won thee;
To love thee once was bliss I knew,
But now 'tis bliss to shun thee.

TO ——.

'Twas the look which he gave and the tear which he shed,
When we parted, that prov'd that his bosom was true;
When he breath'd in my ear as he hastily fled—
Remember me constant—adieu, love, adieu.

Then can I forget him, and all that has past—
Forget the kind tear, and the word that he breathed;
No—absence shall serve but to bind them more fast
To the heart that would bleed e'er his hopes it deceived.

Tho' weary the hours and seasons that fly,
Each former delight will this bosom inurn:
Still fancy him constant—still fancy him nigh,
And silently plead for his welcome return.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF AN ONLY DARLING SON.

Sleep, sleep, dear boy—kind heaven did ne'er intend
A form so pure as thine should linger here;
Ne'er destin'd that thy virtuous heart should blend
With rising ills which o'er life's paths appear.

Gone, gone, thou art—no grief-wrung tears could save;
No mother's love, in prayers of anxious breath,
Thy suffering bosom from the yawning grave,
Or yet allay the piercing pangs of death.

All innocence and love, consign'd to earth,
No dearer form, sweet heaven, could claim its own;
Each given moment served to prove thy worth,
And make affection and obedience known.

'Twas not enough that aiming death should blight
My dearest friend, whose smiles I once could share:

Scarce, Mary, thou hadst sought eternal light,
Ere Edwin joined thy placid spirit there.

Sweet is the chosen spot where now ye sleep;
The sighing poplar marks your early grave,
The willows near in mournful grandeur sweep
The dark hued grass which o'er your relics wave.

Then hush my muse—thy power no more I greet,
Joy's star hath set that once upon me rose;
Be hush'd my harp, no requiem repeat
To break the stillness where they now repose.

STANZAS.

The silver light
Of the queen of night
Now dances on the waves afar ;
Lit by her beams,
Each billow seems
A beauteous rising bed of spar.

The vault above is spangled o'er,
No mantling clouds appear,
And music swells along the shore,
And dies upon the ear ;
Then come my love,
'Tis sweet to rove
In evening's dear and placid hour,
When every scene
Awakes serene,
The greatness of Almighty power.

We'll gaze upon yon starry sphere,
Nor yet unmindful prove,
That every charm now painted there,
Are emblems of his love ;

How kind, how great,
To grant replete
These blessings that adorn our ways:
Then come once more
His name adore,
In grateful silence muse his praise.

AUTUMN.

The leaves are now by Autumn seared,
They countless round us lay,
And all that vernal late appeared,
Seems drooping in decay.

The rose no more in modest pride,
Blooms in the sunny vale—
Its leaves are scattered far and wide
By Autumn's sweeping gale.

Sweet flowers that decked the mountain's brow,
With many a vivid hue,
And smiling bowers, where are they now?
Ah! they have faded too.

Then can we gaze upon the past,
Since days of youthful prime,
And yet no dark reflection cast
Upon the page of Time?

Have seasons flown on pinions chaste,
Nor error mark'd our way,
That like these beauties, sunk to waste,
We spotless may decay.

Blest is the heart in winter's age,
That yields its parting breath,
Whose faults are few on memory's page,
To shroud the urn of Death.

THE BEACON OF BLISS.

There is a beauteous beacon light,
  To wandering mortals given,
To guide their erring steps aright,
  And lead them up to Heaven.

It is a never dying flame,
  Shut out from mortal view;
Yet those who seek may find the same,
  And share its brightness too.

Transcendant where its beauty reigns,
  Eternal joys are known;
Yet none its cheering light attains
  Who will not sin disown.

To those with sorrow worn, or care,
  It proves a beacon still;
It bids them seek a refuge there,
  For those are blest who will.

Then why not—why not come awhile,
  This light of peace to prove;
Say, why not seek a Saviour's smile,
  And share a Saviour's love.

TO A BEE,

THAT LIT ON A ROSE WHICH I HELD IN MY HAND.

Uncautious insect why thus heedless rest
  Thy golden wings upon this guarded flower,
Why 'neath its leaves seclude thy eager breast,
  To taste its sweets regardless of my power.

I now might easy spoil thy revelling there
  For having thus so far from prudence rov'd,
But pity shall secure thee from the snare,
  Whose tempting cup hath near thy ruin prov'd.

But go—and now from bought experience learn,
  The danger that attends a giddy round;
Let meek discretion all thy rovings warn,
  Where charms are luring, danger oft is found.

Thy flight may yet a little warning prove
  To those who shall thy young adventure scan,
And teach the mind in moderate bounds to move,
  For rash intemperance aids the fall of man.

Where e'er your wandering steps would seek to stray,
Let reason warn, and virtue point the way.

STANZAS.

Come place this fair flower upon thy young breast,
This elegant rose yet bespangled with dew;
I cull'd it, sweet girl, from among all the rest,
For its rivalling beauty, and semblance of you.

So late on its stem did it flourish in pride,
Gently fann'd by the zephyrs of May;
No sooner its beautiful tints I descried,
Than I snatch'd it and bore it away.

Yet frail are those colors we view it disclose,
No more will its modesty bloom;
And Emma's fair charms like this elegant rose,
As untimely may fall to the tomb.

But remember, dear girl, when its beauty has fled,
The relic its value retains—
For still will the flower its fragrance shed
To prove that its virtue remains.

And thus may it be, when thy life shall depart,
For virtue will never decay;
The purity, love, that encircles thy heart,
Survive when thy form fades away.

TO THE ROBIN.

Cease, little warbler, cease thy strain,
  Thy notes, tho' sweet, too airy sound ;
Thy music seems to mock the pain
  Of gloom that all my hopes surround.

Thy charming lay could once impart
  A thrilling joy—but that is past ;
For sorrow now doth wring my heart,
  And ebon clouds are round me cast.

Yet sweet one—dear one, thither fly
  To yonder wood and pour thy lay ;
Nor to this pensive bower come nigh,
  Till all these cares shall pass away.

Perchance these moments steep'd in pain,
  May yet with joy illumined be ;
Then, gentle warbler, come again
  And give thy welcome strain to me.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND,

Miss M. A. Newport.

Sweet friend! now slumbering on the lap of earth,
Long will I mourn thy dear departed worth;
Long shall this heart its deepest fervour prove,
And memory strew thy grave with tears of love;
No sorrow feigned shall e'er invade this breast
Through passing years by thy sweet friendship blest,
And sooth'd so oft 'mid various scenes of care,
When threatening terrors veil'd it in despair:
But now no more that hand will check the tear,
Or thy sweet accents meet the sorrowing ear;
For hush'd in death thy gentle form must sleep,
While o'er thy mound pale memory long shall weep.

Yes! Mary, thou wert all that's fair and true;
No guile, thy kind, thy pitying bosom knew;
Each chaste adornment there had form'd a shrine;
For virtue, talent, loveliness were thine;
Then can I e'er forget thee, love? no! no!
Thou sweet companion, sharer of my woe.

Can I forget that moment lost to bliss,
I on thy forehead sealed the parting kiss!
No! dear one, no! thy form shall still appear,
Through fancy, perfect as I knew thee here,
As now thou art in purest radiance drest,
On angel pinions soaring with the blest.

SPRING.

Sweet Spring in mildest beauty drest,
  Returns to grace the plain,
With joy we hail the vernal guest,
  And meet her smiles again.
    The ice chain'd shore
    Is seen no more,
Nor woodland's dreary mien,
    For lovely May,
    With verdure gay,
Revives the scene again.

Where'er her airy feet impress,
  Some beauteous flow'ret rears,
And gems of dew her sandals kiss,
  As cheering morn appears.
    The distant hills
    And murmuring rills,
Her vernal charms declare,
    And mental notes
    Of music floats
Upon the desart air.

Yet soon, mild Spring, thy charms are past,
Thy favouring beauties o'er;
The conquering season comes at last,
To prove thy fragile power;
The Summer too
May charms renew,
And Autumn gild the plain;
Yet Winter stern,
Must soon return,
To blight your pleasing reign.

And thus with Life, from youth to age,
Its seasons must decay;
Death, conquering comes, to rule the stage,
And bear our forms away;
Yet falls resign'd,
Each spotless mind,
Nor fears the chast'ning rod;
Their parting breath
They yield to death,
And wing their flight to God.

JOY.

Welcome—guiltless, bosom treasure,
Thou can'st hopeless cares destroy,
Seraph sweet, of human pleasure,
Ever welcome—smiling joy.

Tho' misfortunes still descending,
Would my earthly peace annoy,
Let thy influence mildly blending,
Banish sorrow—welcome joy.

And no more the gloom of sadness,
Let my youthful heart employ,
That I may sing a while in gladness,
Welcome ever—smiling joy.

SYMPATHY.

Fairest of daughters! whose loveliness can lighten
The darkness of grief, and hush the deep sigh—
Whose smiles can the gloom of despondency brighten,
And wipe the sad tear from misery's eye:

To thee! yes, to thee! will the bosom appeal,
That hath rudely been torn by the tempest of sorrow;
For while at the shrine of affection we kneel,
Some joys still the hopeless feelings may borrow.

While on life's giddy bark we uncertainly ride,
And destined its perilous danger to brave,
Thou still ever provest a soul-cheering guide,
And smoothest the pangs which misfortune hath gave.

'Tis in thy mild bosom the heart of distress,
Would ev'ry drear feeling of sorrow repose;
For sweetly thy voice can its tumults repress,
And sweet is the tear from compassion that flows.

What treasures on earth that so lovely appear?
Or is there a gem dearest nature can vie,
Or glows ne'er so pure as the mingling tear,
That chrystalized flows from sympathy's eye.

Then to thee! yes, to thee! will the bosom appeal,
That hath rudely been torn by the tempest of sorrow;
For while at the shrine of affection we kneel,
Some joys still the hopeless feelings may borrow.

ENVY AND MALICE.

Go, Envy, with imperious mien,
Lurk to thy caves, and there remain
With all thy vaunting pride ;
And Malice—thou unearthly guest,
Go lean upon thy Sister's breast,
And ever there reside.

No cheerful smile is seen to glow
On either's dark forbidden brow,
No joy your caves relume ;
Down in your murky vile abode,
The steps of Virtue never trod,
Nor peace explor'd its gloom.

Then hence and down from earthly view,
And there your servile sports pursue,
Mid grovelling shades that lower ;
Detested, there forever dwell,
For Virtue still your frowns repel,
Nor fears your vaunting power.

LINES.

The bleak winds of winter come sweeping around,
  The rivers are bound in his chains;
The naked boughs rock to the tempest's hoarse sound,
  And heavy drops freeze as it rains.

Then let us draw near to our home-cheerful blaze,
  And reflect while thus warm and secure,
That thousands are wretched whole nights and whole days,
  With the hunger and cold they endure.

Then come, let us praise that dear Being above,
  Who grants us those blessings we share;
For all we enjoy are the fruits of his love,
  And his mercy beams every where.

Tho' the needy afflicted move under his eye,
  He still is their father and guide,
And for those who will firm on his mercy rely,
  He will blessings hereafter provide.

TO CAROLINE.

I've seen the beauteous flow'ret rear,
In pride its fragrant head,
While o'er its leaves the morning tear
Its glittering lustre shed.

And while I view'd the twinkling grace
In crystal beauty clad,
I thought like this, the fairest face,
E'en beauty, may look sad.

Perchance, sweet girl, like this lone flower,
The tear hath wet thy cheek;
Hath fell to cloud the joyous hour,
Some latent woe to speak.

I hope not—for I trust that peace,
Will round thy moments shine;
And when thy terrene days shall cease,
May Heavenly joys be thine.

CONTENT.

I ask not for wealth or gaudy attire,
Or things which should folly invent;
That dear little treasure, I mostly desire,
And ever will fancy be taught to admire,
This gift of delight is—content.

For where is the pleasure, or joy to be found,
In the circle of fashion's descent,
More sweet to me far are those scenes that surround,
Where truest simplicity, friendship abound,
And blended with smiles of content.

For naught but vexation I've found to preside,
When on life's dull follies we're bent;
Then let me e'er banish indulgence and pride,
And still in that mild moving circle reside,
Where meekness doth dwell with content.

HOME.

Is there a spot on earth so dear,
Or scenes that e'er so blest appear,
Where'er we roam,
As in that lov'd and native isle,
Where friends around endearing smile,
And sweetly ev'ry hour beguile,
To gladden home.

Be scenes of gaudy splendour ours,
Or wealth around propitious pours,
Or poverty our doom;
Yet raptur'd fancy on the wing,
Will pleasing still to memory bring,
Those joys which bid us fondly cling
To native home.

Ah! sure no absence e'er would blight,
From tender recollection's sight,
Those beings whom
Around the heart so oft hath hung,
While thro' the gay, the happy throng,
The sounds of love, of friendship rung,
Yes—sweet is home.

Yet can so feint a pen reveal,
Or bosom, deeply taught to feel,
E'er dare assume
A thought that would in feeling paint,
Each agonizing heart's complaint
Of him, that wretched child of want,
Who has no home.

Who on life's boisterous sea is borne,
And dreads amid each coming storm,
Misfortune's doom.
And sighs, while many a prompted tear,
Neglected flows—for feeling sear,
While fate forbids his bosom share
The joys of home.

Then ever, ever may this heart,
Still scorn a mean unfeeling part,
Nor with disdain presume
To turn from those by fate oppress'd,
Who by no tender friends caress'd,
Are on the world's cold bosom cast,
Without a Home.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS

Deep in a sweet sequester'd vale,
Remote from worldly care,
Lived honest Allen and Lenette—
They were a virtuous pair.

Their humble cot in rustic pride,
Display'd but scanty store,
Yet were their honest hearts content,
They did not covet more.

No sordid vice, no folly there,
Did once its sting disclose,
Or lurking envy e'er encroach,
To break their sweet repose.

Contentment dwelt in mild array,
Within their humble door,
Nor did they once regret that they
Were friendless and were poor.

And though stern sickness sometimes would
Their tender bosoms pain,
Yet never were their pious hearts,
Devoted to complain.

For still they thought, as christians would,
That each affliction given,
Was sent but to remind their hearts,
To be prepar'd for heaven.

And this had true religion taught
Their minds above the rest,
Whatever happen'd was but just,
And happen'd for the best.

Blest Providence their faithful guide,
With kind protecting arm,
Had ever kept their hearts secure,
From every pending harm.

Thus many a pleasing year had flown,
Yet they no hardships knew,
And as their locks were silver'd o'er,
Affections stronger grew.

And often would they bless the hour;
Their fervency to prove,
That heaven had join'd their hearts to live,
In sweet united love.

Yes, sweet affection, virtue, peace,
In mildest beauty spread,
Their choicest gifts to yield content,
Beneath their humble shed.

And many a fervent prayer they breath'd,
To thank indulgent heaven,
For all the mercies it bestow'd,
And which to them were given.

Frail mortals we—how few like they—
Exempt from worldly pride,
How few who seem content with that
Which heaven doth provide.

EXTEMPORE—TO ——.

Ah! why that frown of cold disdain,
Say, can'st thou dare to chide me;
Or, by thy vaunting actions, pain
The heart that was denied thee.

Too vain I fear thy heart has prov'd,
It thought none could reject thee,
That all who saw thee surely lov'd,
When scarce they could respect thee.

But pray let dear experience say,
That woman's love's a treasure,
That is not to be thrown away,
At every suitor's pleasure.

On reading the "ISLE OF FLOWERS," written by Rosa

And say, why not go to this "beautiful Isle,"
Where Nature's gay charms so transcendently
smile—
Where flowers luxuriant sport in the gale,
And mingle their breath with the breeze you
inhale?
Where the orange, the citron, their sweetness
unfold,
Which appear to the eye polished clusters of gold,
And yield their perfume to the zephyrs that play
Thro' the blossoms enrich'd by the sun's mellow
ray;
Or playfully dimple the crystalized tide,
O'er whose bosom so mild would our fairy bark
glide:
Then from home and its charms, oh! will you
not go
To this "beautiful Isle?" nay, do not say no;
For sure in a clime so delightful as this,
E'en an Exile would find a sweet haven of bliss.

Ah! who would not go where these pleasures
arise,
And dwell with delight 'neath those mild summer
skies;

Where songsters their sweetest melodies pour
Thro' each emerald grove or fragrant bower—
Where down in the depths of the crystalized main,
Rich forests, or caves of bright coral are seen.
And think you not love, in this "beautiful Isle,"
You would meet with those friends, or sympathy's smile—
Or souls that are noble and generous as here;
Or scenes of gay pleasure that round you appear?
'Tis true, it is true—then let us not roam
From our dear smiling friends, and our dearly lov'd home:
Not the charms of a clime tho' so fragrant as this,
Would secure the lone exile such feelings of bliss.

LINES TO ——.

Ah! surely, no, it cannot be
That life's bright sun will e'er dispel
Those sullen clouds now viewed by thee,
Which o'er my injured bosom dwell—
Or be the surge of grief represt,
That laves my pain'd and weary breast.

Yet much I love thy gentle strain,
It sweetly soothes my anguish'd heart—
It seems to tell in joy or pain,
Of mine, thou still wouldst bear a part;
And e'en would banish from my brow,
The gloom which hangs upon it now.

Oh! could I think thy words were true,
That tell me bliss shall yet be mine—
That hope and joy will bloom anew,
And peace again my heart entwine,
Each reckless pang now past, should be
Unfelt—and soon forgot by me.

Yes, every scene of life now past,
I feign would from my memory blot;
Would have them in oblivion cast,
As tho' they'd been—and had been not:
But no—ah! no, they still appear
To prompt the falling, burning tear.

Yet heed it not—I could not bear,
That it should pain thy heart to view,
What love and mem'ry prompted there,
And feign would have forgotten too:
Forgotten as my form will be,
When slumbering in Eternity.

ON THE DEATH OF A COUSIN.

And hast thy gentle spirit flown
To realms of endless peace ;
So soon, and yet forever gone,
To that etherial happy home,
Where pain and sorrow cease.

Ah ! yes, so soon, and we must part,
With one so mild, sincere ;
And now each fond endearing heart
Must feel the agonizing smart,
And o'er thy tomb drop memory's tear.

Yes, sainted Maid, affection true
Has mark'd thy early grave ;
And often shall those flow'rs bestrew,
With crystal drops of briny dew,
That o'er thy bosom wave.

For there in lonely pride shall bloom
Many a beauteous flower,
To deck thy sad and silent tomb,
As virtue's tributary boon,
In each gay vernal hour.

The violet and the mild blue-bell,
  Shall early o'er thy bosom wave,
And every passing stranger tell
How soon thy matchless beauty fell
  A victim—to the Grave.

TAKE BACK THE WREATH.

Take back I pray, the smiling wreath,
In Friendship, late you wove for me;
Take back the wreath—I view beneath
Those leaves a thorn entwin'd by thee.
Each gaudy flower thy hand hath prest,
To form a chaplet sweet and fair,
To bloom upon my youthful breast,
Would leave the thorn implanted there.

Take back the wreath, so lately wove,
It withers 'neath neglect and pride;
Tho' on it fell the breath of love,
Its sweetness would the heart divide.
No longer can its beauty charm,
Tho' fragrant still it may appear,
The bosom that in friendship warm,
Now damps the tribute with a tear.

Take back the wreath—its odours sweet
May mingle with the desert air;
But never more the senses meet,
Deluded by its beauty rare.

Fantastic gift—take, take it hence,
I view its bloom disguis'd by thee ;
And take the tear of wounded sense,
Nor weave a Chaplet more for me.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Come love, the night is cold and drear,
  Hark, the rain doth torrents pour,
Hand some friendly fuel here,
  And secure the cottage door.

Humble tho' our station be,
  We no wealth or splendour crave,
And more happy, blest are we,
  Than thousands who vast riches have.

Then let us have a cheerful blaze,
  Glowing on our rustic hearth,
While we chat o'er former days
  Of youthful times, or village mirth.

Many a summer now has past,
  Since we join'd the merry reel,
And see, winter's age at last
  Rapid o'er our features steal.

Sweet to memory is the day,
  When we pledged our marriage vow—
Bliss made every bosom gay,
  Joy illumined every brow.

Sweet, my love, the moments flew,
Happy with our homely fare,
Till our Edwin roving grew,
And forsook our humble care.

Borne across the trackless main,
Sought he has some foreign clime;
Years of absence tell too plain,
Edwin we will ne'er reclaim.

Hubard, why renew thy fears,
Still let fancy hope inurn;
Why renew the fount of tears,
Edwin may again return.

May Heaven shield the darling boy,
Is his parents fondest prayer;
Crown his fate with every joy,
And his form from danger spare.

But listen, Hubard, at the latch,
Hear the tapping at the door—
Some one guided to our thatch,
Perhaps a shelter would implore.

Dismal, dreary, is the night,
Thunder rolls along the sky,
The wanderer in we'll now invite,
Kind relief we ne'er deny.

Scarce the fickle latch they raise,
When a manly youth appears;
Alternate now they fondly gaze,
Alternate blend their joyous tears.

'Twas Edwin sought his rustic home,
Enrich'd from India's golden soil;
From parents dear no more to roam,
But shield them from domestic toil.

To affluence rais'd from humble state,
His love and worth they now discern;
They still recount their former fate,
And bless their roving boy's return.

SPRING.

Welcome ! sweet cheering Spring—once again
We hail thee with gladness sincere ;
Not a vestige of Winter's stern reign
O'er the landscape is seen to appear.

All nature looks lovely, serene ;
The meadows with verdure look gay ;
The woodlands are waving in green,
And sweet bloom the flowers of May.

Slow steals the soft meand'ring stream,
Along by the mountain's green side ;
While gently the sun's fervid beam,
Sparkles over the rippling tide.

Rich odours our bosoms inhale ;
What beauties thy seasons supply ;
The wood-lark is heard in the vale,
And swift bears her wings to the sky.

And hark ! thro' the green forest shade,
The robin its mellow throat swells,
As sweetly is heard in the glade,
The mild shepherd's pipe from the hills.

Vernal music from each pending bough,
Gently dwells on the list'ning ear;
For each fleeting warbler now
Hails joyful the spring of the year.

With what animated delight,
They enliven the neighb'ring grove;
Their harmony our feelings invite,
To join in the anthem of love.

And see from the moss-dappled cot,
The gay rosy milk-maid appear,
Contented she smiles at her lot,
Nor envies the wealthy and fair.

Unadorn'd by the follies of youth,
Her aspect is lovely and mild;
She's the emblem of virtue and truth,
And modesty—simplicity's child.

Health blossoms on her beauteous cheek;
Her features with happiness glow;
Her movements and grace they bespeak
That sorrow ne'er mantled her brow.

Light o'er the emerald turf,
  Her footsteps they fleetingly bend;
Tho' lowly and humble her birth
  Yet her hopes on no more depend.

Thus, where peace and contentment be given,
  Tho' a mortal be ever so poor,
Are delightful effusions of heaven,
  No grandeur nor wealth can procure.

And now, in the Spring of our youth,
  Should wisdom our bosoms advise,
And learn from the motto of truth,
  Where constantly happiness lies.

And those moments we live to enjoy,
  Should we cherish in virtue and love;
Sweet religion our thoughts should employ,
  To fit us for mansions above.

For tho' in the spring-time of life,
  We flourish in vigor and bloom,
Yet soon the cold winter of death,
  Shall bid us descend to the tomb.

LINES.

Does Life with thee propitious glide?
Or say, does sorrow mark thy days,
And by her ebon clouds divide
Thy form from Joy's illumined ways?

I trust not—yet this heart of mine
By many a sorrow hath been wrung,
And where my dearest hopes could twine,
I knew they but despairing clung.

Yet may the angel smiles of peace
Around thy passing days be strew'd;
May fleeting hours but bliss increase,
Nor on thy heart one care intrude.

ON READING THE LINES OF THE BRANDYWINE BARD.

Valley of Death! yes, dread the sound,
How shrink we at the thought profound;
'Tis true within thy gloomy breast,
Must ev'ry feeling sink at last,
Still must the trembling bosom shrink,
Tottering on thy uncertain brink,
And dread to hear the mandate given,
That bids us meet the will of heaven;
Yet sweet must be life's fleeting breath,
Smooth'd sweetly too the brow of death,
If peace but bid our spirits rise,
To hail those portals in the skies.

RETROSPECTION.

Sweet Retrospection, in thee what charms combine,
To chase the gloom of melancholy care,
When soft descends thy contemplative mien,
And wings the fancy to each joyous scene,
Tho' long departed, still to memory dear.

O yes, remembrance oft must still renew
Those days gone by, when pleasure's golden beam
Reflected o'er life's fair unruffled view,
As gentle peace with magic pencil drew,
A thousand tints to grace the fairy scene.

Loved early hours of infantine delight,
Regretted and too swiftly have ye flown;
Too soon hath disappointments sought to blight
The sense of bliss—and sorrow's cheerless night
To shroud the heart in anguish, once unknown.

Yet, Retrospection, still thy cheering power
Shall linger o'er this sad despairing breast;
Yes, sweetly still illume each weary hour,
As fancy to thy brightest regions soar,
And part conceive the hopeless feelings blest.

THE EXILE.

The sun's parting beam trembled light on the waves,
O'er whose bosom the Exile is destined to roam ;
The deep sigh of anguish he mournfully breathes,
As painful, tho' fond recollection revives
The scenes of his isle and his dearly loved home.

Oh! God, he exclaimed, and with looks of despair,
Shall this heart by oppression and tyranny torn,
Thus exiled, be cast on the world's chilling care ;
Shall hostile betrayers thus merciless bear
Me from all I hold dear, with no hope to return.

Roll on sinking orb, to thy mild pillow'd throne—
Thy beams to the heart of affliction is lost ;
Every feeling of bliss from its current hath flown,
All now seem as drear as the wave's sullen moan,
On whose perilous bosom my frail bark is tost.

How furious, relentless, is tyranny's power,
To banish, to tear me from all I revere :
Ah ! when will the reign of oppression give o'er,
When vanish those dark rushing sorrows that lour,
And the sweet smile of hope, and of joy, re-
appear.

Now ye winds, bear me o'er to some far distant
isle,
Where frowns of hostility ne'er may encroach ;
Where peace once again with her pleasures may
smile,
Nor misery's rude piercing arrows assail,
Or shrink this sad heart at a tyrant's approach.

Adieu to my country—and friendship adieu,
Tho' now as an Exile, I'm borne on the wave ;
Yet oft will the pangs of remembrance renew
Every scene of endearment that binds me to you,
Till this bosom shall sink in the home of the grave.

STANZAS.

Come let us away, for the moon shines bright,
And the flowers are kiss'd by the tears of night ;
Then let us away to the cypress wood,
Or lave by the moon in yon sparry flood—
Come let us away,
Nor longer delay,
For the midnight hour,
Must prove our power ;
M'Allen and bride must soon be there,
And we their bridal bed prepare.

Remember the bowls of silver bright,
Timbrels, shells are ours to-night,
If but the dismal deed be done
Before the turret clock chimes one :
Then let us away,
Nor longer delay,
Our tresses will lave,
In the sparry wave,
Till magical spell shall bring them there,
And we their bridal bed prepare.

The rival shall fall, for his hands are dyed
In the blood of the youth her heart denied ;
They doom'd his form to the purple wave,
And soon they share Denalwick's grave—
Then let us away,
Nor longer delay ;
The bribes are bright,
For the deed to-night:
Come now, for the rival and beautiful fair,
We for them a coral bed prepare.

MIRTH.

Come rosy mirth.
Of nameless worth,
With all thy smiling graces come;
Haste! haste to me,
On car of glee,
Without thee, life is wearisome.

With cloudless brow,
Approachest thou,
In blooming, vernal fetters bound;
No chains of care,
Are pendant there,
And gladness through thy train resound.

For peace is thine,
Thou nymph divine,
Thy winning charms of gaiety,
With smiles of love
Forever rove,
Through regions of variety.

Then haste again,
With joyous train,

And let my heart with rapture greet,
Thy smiling power,
From rosy bower,
And every worthless care defeat.

Yes—lovely mirth,
Of nameless worth,
With all thy winning graces come ;
Haste ! haste to me,
On car of glee,
Without thee life is wearisome.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS LOUISA CHAPIN.

Sweet slumbering maid—may not my pen engrave,
Or yet some tribute to thy memory rear,
Upon this tomb where sweetest flowrets wave,
And damp the fervent motto with a tear.

Yes, sainted emblem of departed worth,
No cold feigned sorrows shall these lips disclose,
Here as I bend upon this hallow'd earth,
Where Virtue, Beauty, Talent all repose.

Sleep, sweetly sleep, I mean not to intrude,
But gently breathe those merits which were thine;
And kiss the turf with many a tear bestrew'd,
Which now must e'er thy sacred form enshrine.

Then let me grave but this upon thy breast
Now as I kneel; it shall remembered be—
(Those virtues rise thy lovely soul possessed,
A fair immortal monument to thee.)

STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to view—when orient day
Glides proudly o'er the eastern sky,
While many a streak of living hue,
Along the high arch'd vault of blue,
Majestically is seen;
Yet morn, with all her pencil'd light,
Shines not more fair, serenely bright,
Than Virtue's beauteous Diadem.

'Tis sweet to view, at evening hour,
When darkness veils the landscape o'er,
The moon in all her beauty rise
To deck the spangled bosom'd skies,
Resplendently sublime;
Yet Cynthia, with her silver light,
Shines not more fair, nor stars of night,
Than Virtue's beauteous Diadem.

LINES,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF ————.

Say, where's the Bard, so oft whose lays,
And peerless song, hath met our praise;
Whose harp, in sweetest strains would tell
How Heroes lived, or nobly fell:
Who sang the dangers of the deep,
  Of shatter'd barques upon the wave,
That bid the wretched sailor seek
  His refuge in a coral grave?

Say, where's the Bard, whose lyre would pour
Its pensive strains to "joys no more"—
Whose chords were swept to thrilling grief,
As he in sweetest numbers brief,
Invoked of Heaven its cheering aid,
  To shield his wounded breast from care;
That all his sorrows might be laid
  Upon his Saviour's bosom there?

Alas! those strains no more we hear—
No more they strike the list'ning ear;
For gone is he whose virtues claim,
On memory's page, a valued name:

Whose mind with love and feeling fraught,
  At pity's shrine had learn'd to bow;
And told in ev'ry action—thought,
  His soul could weep another's wo.

Yes, low he sleeps beneath the wave;
He too has sought a coral grave,
Where many an emerald weed shall grow,
To shroud his youthful form below:
Tho' over that form the billows roll,
  His gentle spirit sought its rest,
Where earthly cares no more control,
  And Angels live supremely blest.

STANZAS.

Ah, no! I'll not repeat again,
The wild, the melancholy strain;
For even now, I see a tear
Upon thy beauteous cheek appear.
No, no! love no!
My song of wo,
No more shall meet thy gentle ear.

Be hush'd my harp, I cast thee by,
In Time's lone waste now slumbering lie;
Yet once I own thy pensive power,
Could lighten many a cheerless hour.
But that is past,
No charm thou hast,
Thy woe-steep'd chords I'll touch no more.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON OF MR. C. A.

So late a sweet engaging Boy,
A Mother's love—a Father's joy—
Yet early this was ended ;
Thy precious form has wing'd its flight
To that dear home of endless light,
To live with Angels blended.

Then should we weep the sorrowing tear,
Or wish again that thou wert here,
To live by ills attended ?
Ah ! no—'tis cheering now to view
Yon placid skies, and think there too,
Thy form in peace ascended.

Dear little one—tho' nursed with care,
No effort could detain thee here,
Or yet from torture save thee ;
'Twas best that thou should hasten where
All sorrows cease—and sweetly share
The smiles of Him who gave thee.

TO ——

If e'er a transient ray of bliss
  Is known my sorrowing heart to cheer,
'Tis when I hail thy meeting kiss,
  And hear thee speak and have thee near.

If e'er a pang of keenest woe
  Is known to rend my cheerless heart,
Or cause the burning tear to flow
  That moment, love, is when we part.

LIFE.

What is life?—to view 'twould seem
Just like a bubble on a stream,
While sporting on its surface fair,
Is broken by a breath of air.

'Tis like a drop of morning dew,
Some leaf expanding holds in view,
When from a gentle touch 'tis found,
A scattered tear upon the ground.

'Tis like the beam of yonder sun,
Who hath his daily circuit run,
He sheds his now retiring light,
And bids adieu to welcome night.

Such is life—tho' frail we deem
It, as a bubble on the stream,
As a drop of pearly dew,
A transient while exposed to view.

Yet not like these we pass away,
Nor leave a vestige still remain,
But like the sun that gilds the day,
We disappear to rise again.

TO SARAH.

The vernal seasons now have fled,
All wears a gloomy aspect round ;
The trees their leafless branches spread,
And rock to many a hollow sound.

Revolving Time bears on his wings
The fragile beauties of the year,
And still the moral warning brings,
That we like these must disappear.

A little while must pass away,
When I in futile mass shall be ;
Then o'er my beir, I trust there may
Descend one sacred tear from thee.

TO MARY.

Ah ! Mary, why let sadness sit
  Upon thy gentle brow so fair ?
Could I, sweet girl, but banish it,
  No longer should it linger there.

And much it pains my heart to view
  That silent tear upon thy cheek ;
That soft expressive langour too,
  Alone of sorrow seems to speak.

But banish it—indulge it not;
  Dispel at once thy hov'ring gloom ;
Each painful thought from mem'ry blot,
  And let a smile thy brow relume.

Yet why not in this breast repose
  Thy little varying scenes of care ?
Say, need I tell ?—sure Mary knows
  I would her every sorrow share.

Then banish each despairing thought,
  Let joy inspire thy heart again ;
Nor dreams, by recollection fraught,
  Renew one deep, intruding pain.

For oft 'tis said that friendship may
  Bestow a charm of softest kind—
Can wipe the trembling tear away,
  And hush the tumults of the mind.

Ah! then, dear girl, let me suppress
  Each anxious thought or rising fear,
And with sweet Friendship's kind caress,
  Brush off that sad, obtrusive tear.

ANSWER TO MARY.

And dost thou think the haggard woe
Now stamp'd upon my youthful brow,
Mild "Hope" will e'er dispel;
That "Angel Peace," in brightness robed,
Will burst away each dark'ning cloud
That hath around me fell.

If aught could serve my heart to cheer,
Or check the sadly falling tear,
And bid pale sorrow flee;
My darling girl, the charm is this,
And know I sacred prize the bliss,
'Tis being loved by thee.

Ah! yes, around thy gentle mind,
Those links of sweet affection bind,
My fancy e'er caress'd;
'Tis friendship, Mary, such as thine,
Wherein doth spotless worth combine,
Can make the feelings blest.

Yet, Mary, dost thou ask me why,
To wilds remote my form would hie,
"Far from affection's care?"

Why fly from every gaudy scene
That once my chosen pride hath been,
And seek a refuge there ?

'Tis this—yet breathe it not again,
The thought will long my memory pain,
And hath my heart bereaved:
Of every bliss once sweetly mine,
And may the portion ne'er be thine,
'Tis friendship—love deceived.

TO A PENSIVE BARD.

Sweet Bard, why thy lyre thus mournfully sweep,
For sorrow swells deep in thy strain ;
Why o'er past scenes will remembrance weep,
Or sigh to recall them again.

Come banish, yes banish that gloom from thy brow,
Let pleasure thy visage relume ;
Nor let the dark shade of despondency now
Deprive thy young cheek of its bloom.

For sure there is given a ray to impart
Relief to the weary and worn ;
'Tis Hope, gentle bard, that illumines the heart.
When fate would impel it to mourn.

Then seize on the charm—let grief take her flight,
Let joy every feeling entwine ;
Let hope once again on that bosom alight,
And imagine no sorrows were thine.

BEAUTY'S TOMB.

Stranger, tread lightly o'er that turf,
For know that hallowed spot contains
A form whose sweet engaging worth,
The veil of memory still enshrines.
Let not thy airy feet impress
Those flowers, which o'er it sweetly bloom;
Nor yet thy gentle tears repress,
But let them flow o'er beauty's tomb.

Peaceful beneath its bosom cold,
The lovely corse of Anna lies;
Sure ne'er did silent earth unfold
A fairer or more perfect prize;
Too rudely nipt, the floweret fell;
Resign'd it droop'd to meet its doom—
And all that now remains to tell,
Is, that lone spot is beauty's tomb.

Altho' no stately marble rears
To tell the spot were Anna lay;
Her turf shall oft be strewed with tears,
And crown'd with all the pride of May;

For oft the blooming garlands fair,
  Soon as the rose and violet peeps,
Will lovely virgins still repair
  To deck the tomb where beauty sleeps.

TO ——.

And shall a harp so rude as mine
Attempt, dear girl, to raise a strain
In friendship gladly to thee;
Say shall my muse with pleasure tell
How much, sweet girl, I wish thee well,
Altho' I never knew thee.

Yes—e'en tho' we have never met,
'Tis flattering fancy prompts me yet
To think thou wouldst defend me.
Should mortal tongues no effort spare,
To chide me for I'm doom'd to bear
These censures they extend me.

And should I go to climes afar,
Will absence brighten memory's star,
Sweet girl, ah! let it ever;
For know each wish of mine shall be
That lasting peace may follow thee,
E'en tho' I meet thee never.

THE HARP.

Come, strike the harp ! I love to hear
  Its tender, soft, enchanting strain ;
It serves the drooping heart to cheer,
  And chase the gloom of care and pain ;
      How sweet thy power,
      At evening hour,
To hear thy notes responsive swell,
      While borne away,
      On zephyrs gay,
Still lingers o'er the distant hill.

Then strike again ! its trembling strings ;
  Its magic tones revive the soul,
And smiling, still enjoyment brings,
  While o'er its dulcet numbers roll ;
      Yes, yes, each tone
      Hath power, I own,
To banish pale despondency,
      And to this heart
      A charm impart,
That yields it up to exstacy !

LINES.

Joy, joy, where art thou,
O thou little flying fairy,
Why forsake my spirits now,
I would not have thee quite so airy.

Art thou roving here and there,
Making merry many a feature.
While I'm sitting sighing here,
What a sinning fickle creature.

Once we frolic'd hand and hand,
Danc'd the verdant vallies o'er:
Now thou art beyond command;
Much I fear we meet no more.

Joy, joy, then adieu,
Other hearts will often doubt thee—
Tho' we part—I live 'tis true,
Yet own 'tis pain to live without thee.

WINTER.

See!—now stern Winter comes with rigid moan,
Fiercely ruling on his sparry throne,
Bidding fair Nature's vernal joys retire,
And sink beneath his all-subduing ire;
Yet sullen Monarch! cheerless as thou art,
Thou yield'st a lesson to the sensual heart;
That all must bow, thy earnestness reveals
For ev'ry heart thy sov'reign influence feels.

Then let us view thee now, while reason sways,
Thou whose firm mandate even life obeys,
For in thy lurid aspect man is taught to see
A faded emblem of what he soon must be,
When envious death shall bid frail scenes decay,
And senseless dust go cleave to kindred clay.

Yes—thou blight'st fair Creation's bloom,
And bid'st us all prepare to meet that doom,
When sinks the heart beneath thy chilling blast,
Which soon consigns us to oblivion's waste.

Deep hour of dread !—'tis thus we stand,
Unconscious when death's stern command,
May bid us perish 'neath his mighty power,
Thus destin'd fall in Winter's faded hour.

Then what is life ?—its transitory joys ?—
Nought but a gem that certain fate destroys ;
'Tis like a dew-drop glittering on the spray,
Which by the breeze is heedless borne away,
While scarce a vestige there remains to tell,
From whence the frail, the trembling treasure fell.
Thus short, alas ! is life's propitious scene—
E'en fleeting ages seem a lengthen'd dream ;
Too soon its brightest vernal beauties fade !
A transient season, and to waste is laid,
That mortal form—that form which Nature gave,
Beyond the noblest arm of man to save.

Yet smooth'd must be thy keenest pangs, O death!
Calm must the bosom yield its parting breath,
When resignation o'er the feelings reign,
And sweetly eases life's expiring pain—
When sinks the soul on thy assuasive breast,
Which soars to bliss, to meek celestial rest :

Oh! yes—thy whispering accents speak of heaven—
Of tranquil peace—of follies past, forgiven—
And joyful bids the soul immortal rise,
To join its kindred spirits in the skies.

LINES.

Don't weep, don't weep, thou still art dear,
And hush that deep protrusive sigh ;
It pains me, love, the sound to hear,
Or see the tear impearl thine eye.

Thou can'st not think, so soon as this
My anguish bosom can forget
Those dearest hours of former bliss,
When first at even oft we met.

No, no, I still would own thee true,
And tho' we part, yet o'er and o'er,
Will memory bear thy form in view,
And joys to be possessed no more.

THE WOUNDED GUEST,

OR THE COTTAGE BRIDE.

As Vernon o'er the dusky moor,
  Return'd at close of day,
He found, and near his cottage door,
  A wounded Warrior lay.

A waving plume his helmet bore,
  'Twas dazzling to behold;
The suit was gaily trimmed he wore,
  They seem'd of burnished gold.

All steeped in gore he rais'd his form,
  As near aged Vernon drew,
Whose heart with kindest feeling warm,
  Ne'er want of pity knew.

The warrior bleeding on the ground,
  Soon to his couch he bore;
'Twas humble—tho' 'twas friendly found,
  For Vernon had no more.

His gentle hand with every care,
  Now staunched his wounded breast;
And that of all his homely fare,
  He gave the stranger best.

One Daughter fair was Vernon's pride,
She seemed of perfect kind ;
Her modest cheek with roses vied,
And spotless was her mind.

Each passing hour they conscious gazed
Upon the stranger's brow,
As oft the healing cup they raised,
To mitigate his woe.

Young Ella oft with timid grace,
Would 'neath his burning head,
With kindest care the pillow place,
And tears of pity shed.

The warrior marked her gentle air
As glowing health returned,
And thought a form more chaste or fair,
Ne'er eye had yet discerned.

Each hour made some perfection known,
As health illum'd his cheek,
And ere a transcient month had flown,
He thus was heard to speak :

"Some weeks have passed since by your hands
My form was hither borne;
Your kindness now my wealth demands,
And gratitude in turn.

"My name is Pedro—long I've fought
On Battle's bloody plain;
As war had ceased, once more I sought
My friends and home again.

"While passing thro' yon horrid wood,
Nor dreamt of danger nigh,
Some foe who eager sought my blood,
Did there in ambush lie.

"With lightsome heart and joy restrain'd,
My way I onward prest;
Yet ere the forest's border gain'd,
An arrow pierced my breast.

"With feeble steps I bent my way
To this, your kind abode;
And joy and wealth shall crown the day,
For all you have bestow'd.

"With this your daughter, young and fair,
The loveliest in my view,
I proudly would my fortune share,
And with her parent too.

"Consent, and soon the nuptial band
With honours shall be tied,
And all I have take at command,
When Ella is my bride."

The Warrior's hand aged Vernon prest,
He gave her to his care;
And often since the day has blest,
That join'd the happy pair.

TO ———.

And canst thou, dost thou ask me why
One half the fickle world deny
There being pleasure in it;
The thing is plain, let reason tell,
The very cause we should repel,
Our actions seem to win it.

The world and all its worth remain,
Those charms which in its compass reign,
So kindly set before us,
We view, sweet friend, in jealous pride,
Because those wishes are denied,
Ambition showers o'er us.

Our hearts by grasping fancy taught,
Are all with various failings fraught,
And sure you will maintain it,
And when some object meets the eye,
Our eager views cannot get nigh,
We're grieved not to obtain it.

For strange it is, we seldom find,
As thro' this transcient vale we wind,

By fair investigation,
Those who, by cheerful actions give,
A proof their minds contented live,
In their allotted station.

Some seek for bliss in gaudy show,
In passion's pomp, or circles low,
Just as their fancies bend them;
And while they join the giddy throng,
Imagine pleasures there belong,
That will from cares defend them.

And yet perchance too late they view,
They would a phantom form pursue,
For joys are them denied here;
That virtuous din they fain would greet,
To make their moments glide more sweet,
Did never yet preside there.

Some seek for bliss in roving o'er
The ocean wide, or climes explore,
As may their views commend it:
Some seek in wealth the glitt'ring store,
Are wounded if to heap it more,
Mild fortune don't intend it.

Some seek for bliss in valour's round,
Where war her burnish'd clarions sound,
While crimson steps they tread in,
And then if honours are denied,
They frown that fate should thus decide,
The cause they would have bled in.

Thus then where oft our fancy clings,
Some certain disappointment brings,
So seldom we're contented;
And objects that we most pursue,
'Tis destin'd mortals often rue,
To meet them they consented.

And thus we find 'tis grasping views,
That o'er the wayward mind diffuse,
When cares we constant meet here;
If every heart would be content,
What to their lot kind heaven hath sent,
Our joys might be replete here.

But envy with her jealous eye,
While proud ambition marks her nigh,

We find too often near us,
And prompts the mind in vain to crave,
Those things we are not doom'd to have,
As if, sweet friend, to jeer us.

Yet what is pomp or outward form,
That feast the eye, the feelings charm,
Delusive we have found them,
For those who have the most and best.
Must sink alike to kindred dust,
From pleasures that surround them.

Then give me still my humble dome,
Tho' rude, I ask no other home,
While friends are sweetly round me ;
Nor envy none where'er I rove,
Content within the sphere I move,
And that where fate hath found me.

PLEASURE.

Come pleasure, with thy gaudy train,
And let me greet thee once again,
Ere life's frail scenes decay—
Come quickly from thy rosy bower,
And with thy sweet reviving power,
Drive cheerless Grief away.

Come let me join thy throng of glee,
And share thy winning smiles with me,
We'll dance the giddy round;
Or lead me to thy magic cell,
Where Love and sweet Contentment dwell,
Sure they are with thee found.

Or to thy sylvan bowers we'll hie,
There shun the glance of Envy's eye,
And many a wreath entwine,
Of flowrets cull'd, and fairest kind,
Around each joyous hour to bind,
Or deck thy smiling train.

Then come, thou soul-reviving guest,
In all thy fairy beauty drest,
With thee I fain would live :
Disdaining every earthly care,
Whose threatening, keen approach would dare
A sorrowing wound to give.

Then let sweet sincerity tell,
My affections no charm can remove—
No allurement my heart can compel,
To forget the dear youth that I love.

CONSCIENCE.

When evil feelings lead the mind,
To deeds of vile and hated kind,
What checks the soul within,
And whispering tells it to beware,
And turn aside the fearful snare,
Of Sorrow and of Sin.

What is it when some action wrong,
Would prompt a lie upon the tongue,
The froward guilt to hide;
With cautious skill binds o'er the heart,
To pierce it for the evil part,
It basely had denied.

And when the helpless and the poor,
With sorrow worn approach the door,
And would for pity ask,
What is it tells the heart to grant,
That aid their suffering feelings want,
While heaven approves the task.

'Tis Conscience, ever warning friend,
That would our erring steps attend,

And shield our souls from ill ;
Yet evil Nature, tho' we view,
Her angel warnings still pursue,
Accede to Satan's will.

LINES.

To some recluse, ah! let me hie,
Unknown, untrac'd by mortal eye,
There breathe my hapless lot:
Yes, there in sweet seclusion pour
These tears o'er joys which are no more,
And die by all forgot.

No soothing friend, I ask to cheer
My sinking soul, or wipe the tear
From off my pallid cheek;
Long there the favouring gem has hung,
To vent the heart which fate hath wrung,
And yet to break would seek.

Then still let clouds tempestuous rise,
To curtain o'er life's joyous skies,
Need I their power defy;
Their cheerless frowns where'er I tread,
Will fall on my despairing head,
Till life shall pass away.

Then let me hie to wilds unknown,
There weep o'er peaceful moments flown,

And breathe my hapless lot:
There let my harp neglected lie,
Swept by the winds that murmur by,
Where I may sleep forgot.

TO A FRIEND, ACCOMPANYING A SMALL DONATION.

REMEMBER ME.

This little emblem of respect,
I give, my youthful friend, to thee;
Treat not its motto with neglect:
It is, dear girl—remember me.

Tho' years on speedy pinions roll,
And I in distant climes may be,
Let memory's sweets thy thoughts controul,
And fondly then—remember me.

Or if on native shore I dwell,
And yet am absent still from thee,
Let hallow'd friendship deign to tell,
If Mary will remember me.

Or say if Heaven should early doom,
(For all is just by its decree,)
My bosom to the silent tomb,
Will Mary drop a tear for me?

ODE TO THE SEASON.

Come lovely spring
On balmly wing,
In all thy robes of verdure drest;
Thy smiling reign,
We hail again,
With joy and grateful love express'd.

Thy vernal mein
Is sweetly seen
Now gliding o'er the distant plains;
Thy sunny brow
Bids winter now
Retreat with all his icy chains.

Fann'd by thy breath,
The barren heath
Is from its shackled bondage freed;
Each beauteous flower
And woodland bower
Revives beneath thy airy speed.

The towering wood,
The rolling flood,
And purling streams all smile serene;

The vallies near,
And groves appear
Now clothed in Nature's flowering green.

The peasant now
With cheerful brow,
Emerges from his moss grown shed;
Resumes his toil,
As many a smile
Of peace his furrow'd looks o'erspread.

And o'er the green,
With guileless mein,
The cottage Nymph directs her speed;
Her ruddy cheeks
Content bespeaks,
No cares her gentle steps impede.

While music steals
In soothing peals,
Along the sweetly verdant grove;
As songsters gay,
Repeat their lay,
In notes of universal love.

Then welcome Spring,
On balmy wing,
In all thy robes of verdure drest;
Thy smiling reign,
We hail again
With joy, and grateful love express'd.

TO A JUVENILE FRIEND.

Receive these lines, my youthful friend,
I trace them with a heart sincere ;
And mayst thou often condescend
To read them o'er with special care.

Yet not with grace, or magic skill,
I pen the feelings of my heart,
Tho' rude, dear girl, I'm sure they will
The sweets of Friendship still impart.

Now in the dawn of opening youth,
Let virtue guide thy fearless way ;
Let dear obedience, love and truth,
Guild each propitious fleeting day.

For life is but a transcient scene,
Revolving on with uncontrol ;
All seems but as a lengthened dream,
As time on fleeting pinions roll.

Then strenuously, dear girl, improve
Those moments which are kindly given ;
Let virtue and unchanging love
Prepare thy youthful mind for Heaven.

LINES.

O, sweet were those moments of bliss that have flown,
When the sunshine of joy illumin'd my brow,
And this bosom to feelings of sorrow unknown,
Ne'er dreamt of the gloom that hangs over it now.
When in the fair bowers of pleasure I stray'd,
And cull'd the rich flowers that carelessly grew,
Nor thought those sweet visions of bliss would e'er fade,
Which the soft touching pencil of fancy then drew.

Yes, sweet were those moments, unclouded with care,
When mildly this head on its pillow reposed;
That feelings of sorrow ne'er damp'd with a tear,
While slumbers unshaken my weary lids closed.
Gone, gone are those hours that peacefully shed
Those brightest illusions contentment could yield;
Yes—joy's fairy dream from my bosom hath fled,
And left it in deepest despondency veil'd.

EXTEMPORE TO —— ——.

Oh! say not woman's false, unkind,
  Her fancy ever ranging;
For still I think her heart design'd
  For Love—and love unchanging.

Yes, yes, I'm sure her bosom's true,
  And long will thus believe it;
Yet, while I smile, must think that you
  Would care not to deceive it.

TO MY MOTHER.

What to thy tender love is due.
My lips as yet have never told thee;
Nor can I now, tho' feelings true,
Would gladly own how dear I hold thee.

For thou art more than wealth to me;
Not for the treasures of the main,
That joy of being loved by thee,
To claim them all would I resign.

How has thy kind paternal care,
Thro' passing years my form defended;
And tho' events my peace could mar,
Thy pitying love was still extended.

Tho' months, tho' years should pass away,
What is thy due I'll ne'er forget;
Thy kindness I can ne'er repay,
Should ages me be granted yet.

A Mother's love—how dear the name,
What bliss unfolds its sacred power;
Then ever may its fairest flame
Illume my every given hour.

For thou art more than wealth to me ;
Not for the treasures of the main,
That joy of being lov'd by thee,
To claim them all would I resign.

CREATION.

Behold Creation's vast extent—
The earth, the flowing seas, and sky,
How great, how kind the God who sent
These charms to feast the mortal eye.

With rapture do we gaze around,
And all thy beauteous blessings view;
And far and near thy works are found
Endless, pleasing, ever new.

Who can doubt thy gracious name,
Doubt thy power above, below;
Doubt a suffering Jesus came,
Mortals to save from sin and woe.

Doubt that by thy sovereign hand,
All the glowing planets move;
Doubt each blessing we command,
Proofs of thy exalted love.

All, all superior God are thine,
All await thy kind controul;
Nature proves thy power divine,
Eternal, yes, from pole to pole.

Hail, immortal Spirit, hail,
O'er us still let mercy fall ;
Tho' to own thee, thousands fail,
Millions claim thee, God of all.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S DREAM.

Bereft of his kindred, Mohanoe had stray'd
To a land among strangers, far, far from his isle,
Prevailing misfortune in ruins had laid
Every fairy form'd prospect that once could beguile.

One son, a sweet youth, was all that remain'd
To buoy up his soul and his perils to share;
Yet scarce had Mohanoe a foreign shore gain'd,
Ere he sunk to the grave by the stroke of despair.

All cheerless and lone was the darling boy left,
No friends to protect him or lighten his woe,
Of every dear joy was his bosom bereft,
And agoniz'd memory hung on his brow.

'Twas night—and the Orphan Boy sunk to repose,
On the tomb of his father the weary one slept,
Yet bright were the visions that round him arose,
And he smil'd o'er the pillow where late he had wept:

He thought of those days when a stranger to care,
Thro' his dear island bowers he fearlessly rov'd,
The music of home sweetly struck on his ear,
'Twas the voices of those that his soul dearly lov'd.

And he smiled as now near his own cottage he drew,
For soul-thrilling extacy play'd o'er his mind,
His bosom-lov'd friends to embrace him now flew,
Whose arms with affection around his form twin'd.

A sweet song of welcome they cheerfully sung,
And joyful he fancied he join'd in the strain;
His dear little sisters around his neck clung,
And kiss'd him with transport again and again.

I am blest, cried the dreaming boy—blest is the hour,
These lovely caresses once more do I meet;
Kind Heaven, I thank thy all-favouring power,
Thou hast made every sense of enjoyment replete.

But hark at the thunder that bursts o'er the sky,
It breaks on the vision so dear to his view,
The lightning's dread glare meets his terrified
eye,
And calls to his mind every horror anew.

Oh God, he exclaimed—is this but a dream,
Is memory awaken'd to terror and pain,
So fair was the vision, so bright did it seem,
I thought in my soul thou hadst blest me again.

Tho' rous'd from his slumber—again does he
sleep,
He sank on the tomb where so late he repos'd,
No more his young heart will pale misery steep,
For death's meagre fingers his weary lids
clos'd.

He rests 'neath the shade of the cypress and yew,
No sculpture attracts the lone passenger's eye,
Yet spring o'er his grave fairest flowers shall strew,
To embower the turf where his relics now lie.

LINES TO ——

Yes, yes, those peaceful hours have fled,
Those moments still to recollection dear;
The sense of bliss, of joy, seem dead,
And now in sadness steals the trembling tear.

Yet once, ah! once, mild pleasure shone serene
And to this breast her purest lustre gave;
Yes, gentle as the smiling moon is seen,
Reflecting sweetly on the listless wave.

But view how chang'd—how deep the gloom,
Which, conquering, seeks to mantle o'er i
now;
The star of hope will ne'er it more relume,
Or e'er dispel the cheerless shades of wo.

Yet, dearest friend, there is a ray more fair,
Which sweetly smiles o'er feelings doom'd t
brave
The frowns of fate, that bids the heart prepare
To meet its peace—that peace beyond th
grave.

'Tis dear Religion prompts the wounded mind,
To shelter 'neath its brightest influence given ;
'Tis it that bids our bosoms be resign'd,
And calmly meet the stern decrees of Heaven.

MUSIC.

Music, thy most harmonious power
Can soften sorrow's keenest smart,
Can, in a lone desponding hour,
Pleasing, rapturous joy impart.
How softly sweet, on breeze of night,
To hear thy plaintive soothing strain,
It yields the weary heart delight,
It mitigates the lover's pain.
For when on gentle zephyrs borne,
And genial sounds strike on the ear,
It soothes the heart of those who mourn,
And gladdens those depress'd with care.
Thy melody then let me own,
Is genial with my bosom's woes,
Thy charms it is, and thine alone,
Can lull my sorrows to repose.

STANZAS—INSCRIBED TO SYMPATHY.

Gentle as the falling dew,
  Glittering in the morning ray—
Mild as tints of vernal hue,
  Wav'ring on the emerald spray;
Beauteous as yon orient glow,
  Pencill'd o'er the western sky—
Soft as crystal waters flow,
  Gilded by the smiles of day;
Soft as these, yet sweeter be
  The soothing charms of Sympathy.

Soft as Cynthia's silver ray,
  Trembling on the distant wave—
Mild as gentle zephyrs play,
  On the breast of Summer eve;
Soft as music's swelling strain,
  Borne upon the passing gale—
Soft as fancy's purest scene,
  Where delight and peace prevail;
Mild as these, yet sweeter be
The tones of sacred Sympathy.

Lovely seraph, fair and bright,
Thou by dearest nature given,
'Tis thy charms that doth invite
The heart to rest, by sorrow riven;
Can joys which earthly scenes impart,
Tho' deck'd in fancy's bright array,
Or music's voice, with magic art,
Dispel the shades of misery?
Ah! no—yet sooth'd the soul may be
By thee, celestial Sympathy!

AIR.

In a neat little cottage surrounded with green,
Where woodbines encircled the door,
There liv'd a fair maiden as ever was seen,
She was merry, and happy, but poor;
Was merry, and happy, but poor.

Her innocent heart, that never knew guile,
She thought from affliction secure,
Her lovely features e'er beam'd with a smile;
She was happy although she was poor;
Was happy, although she was poor.

But a neighbouring youth, her fancy had taught,
To believe his affections were pure,
For often he told her, and often she thought,
He lov'd her although she was poor;
He lov'd her although she was poor.

Yet soon her sweet innocent heart he deceived,
When she thought his affections secure,
He tauntingly laugh'd at the vows she believ'd,
And left her because she was poor;
And left her because she was poor.

JOY.

Come sweet smiling seraph of pleasure,
Still peace to my bosom impart,
Yes, thou little innocent treasure,
I hail thee still nearest my heart.

Though grief it should sometimes awaken,
Long harrowing torment or care,
Let thy influence still prove unshaken,
And banish unwelcome despair.

TO MARTHA.

There is a gem whose lustre bright,
Shines radient as the star of night;
Whose gentle rays with magic art,
Doth charm the eye, inspire the heart:
No pearl the ocean's waves conceal,
Its nameless beauties can excel,
Or caverns deep its worth unfold;
Then sacred e'er this treasure hold,
For know, sweet girl, this gift divine,
Thy spotless bosom doth enshrine;
For say, what charms of nature vie
With fair enchanting Purity.

It is, dear girl, a "holy light,"
Whose mild celestial beauty bright,
Gives every other grace a zest,
Which pride nor envy ne'er possest;
For what is vain or outward form,
If no internal worth adorn;
In true perfection of the mind,
Those warm attractions oft we find;

Which mortal feelings love to boast:
Without this gift all else is lost;
For what can matchless charms display
As fair as hallow'd Purity.

Then still this favouring boon retain,
That sweetly gleams from virtue's shrine;
Let its most holy power invest
Thy fair and unassuming breast:
That when that God beyond the skies,
Shall bid thy parting spirit rise,
To hail those joyous mansions blest,
And share, sweet girl, eternal rest:
When slumberest thou in Death's repose,
And the dread tomb shall o'er thee close,
'Twill raise a monument to thee,
Of bright, immortal, Purity.

THE BRIDE OF THE ISLE.

Come, love, for the day beams are breaking,
And mortals from slumbers are waking,
Let us haste to the bark that is waiting
Now down by the silver lake side;
The morn is enchanting and fair,
Then quick to the barge we'll repair,
And swift o'er the dimpled waves glide.

For this is the day—our festival day,
We kneel at the altar of Hymen to pay
Those vows we yet cherish, and wish to obey,
May peace on our hours long smile.
For love thou art dearer by far to this breast
Than those who in diamonds, and jewels are drest,
My fair chosen Bride of the Isle.

We will hie to our dear native bow'rs,
There revel away the gay hours,
And thy brows shall be twin'd with sweet flowers,

Whose richness enamel the soil;
Then come while the day beams are breaking,
Let us haste to the barge which is waiting,
My beautiful Bride of the Isle!

TO ———.

Oh! say not so soon the venturous bark
O'er the wave's ruffled bosom shall bear thee;
For visions once bright will seem lonely and dark,
When no longer, sweet friend, thou art near me—
Yet in peril's dark hour,
When tempests may lower,
And danger should rise up before thee,
Still thou, my sweet friend,
This heart shall attend,
And life's dearest wish will hang o'er thee.

And when to more prosperous climes thou art borne,
Still memory shall sweeten those moments of pain,
While fondly I hope for thy pleasing return,
And hail thee with joy's cheering smile once again;
For never, ah! never,
No absence can sever

Those ties which affection hath bore thee ;
Still thou, my dear friend,
This heart shall attend,
And life's dearest wish will hang o'er thee.

INSCRIBED TO AN ESTEEMED FRIEND.

'Tis the sweet charm of friendship, dear girl, that can cheer
Half the ills which reflect over life's ruffled scene,
And ever transcendant 'tis seen to appear
'Mid the gloom where the wreck of misfortune hath been.

Transcendant! oh yes, for what is so sweet
To the heart that is borne on the world's chilling tide,
As the smile and those accents of friendship we meet,
To dispel the sad darkness which o'er us preside.

But ah! sweetest friend, there are looks, there are smiles,
That are faithless, and sullied, yet fair to the eye,
And while they deceive, ev'ry feeling beguiles
But to leave you more deeply to sorrow a prey.

There are looks, there are smiles, whose aspect serene
Seem pure to the eye as the spangled-lit Heaven ;
Yet often a cloud o'er its brightness is seen,
To dispel ev'ry charm they delusive have given.

But a friend! yes, a friend—how sweet is the thought,
Whose virtues entwine round the bosoms of care ;
Whose soul with compassion and purity fraught,
Clings close to the heart that is doom'd to despair.

'Tis such that I love—such friendship as this
Is the holiest treasure which Nature has given ;
For, oh ! in its smile, undisguis'd, there's a bliss,
And her accents, when pure, are the sweetness of Heaven !

TO ———.

Say, do you see yon form, sweet girl,
Arrayed in glittering gold and pearl,
With haughty step advancing?
She seems to prize her graces much,
And thinks her every smile, or touch,
To viewing minds entrancing.

Beware, sweet girl, for this is pride,
And in her train no charms preside,
Tho' beauty, wealth, adorn her;
The mind of love, and virtue too,
Ne'er stops her gaudy form to view,
And reason ever scorns her.

Yet may that seraph fair descend,
And all thy spotless steps attend,
She dwells with light and love;
'Tis meekness with her angel smile,
And gentle mien, gives rapture, while
We all her ways approve.

TO ELIZA.

Yes, I will venturous strike the lyre,
And sound a partial strain to thee,
Eliza, since thy kind desire
Would urge the pleasing task from me.

From one, alas! whose feeble muse,
To no exalted claims aspire;
Eliza still will not refuse,
Or chide a lay of humble power.

For tho' it sounds in rudeness, still
Thy favouring heart will ne'er disdain
The harp, whose notes on friendship dwell,
Nor will of cold neglect complain.

Yet while I sweep its thrilling strings,
It much could tell of friendship blighted;
But round thy heart still fondness clings,
Nor shall that fondness e'er be slighted.

For well I know thy gentle heart,
Was never prone to dark deceit;
And scorns alike that savage part,
Where friendship's claims indifference meet.

Ah ! then beware its sad disguise,
Which leads the mind too oft astray ;
For friends are few—those few most wise,
Who early learn what friends should be.

IMPROMPTU TO —— ——.

What! ask me why I am so sad?
I cannot tell for why;
Yet if I could, I surely would,
With all my heart comply.

A secret pang is hid beneath
My weary little heart;
And glad I'd be, if I could flee
The agonising smart.

And yet, for why I cannot tell,
That I endure the pain;
But this I know, and tell it you,
To 'scape it would be van.

You say 'tis love—I wont declare,
Perhaps it may be so;
Be what it will, I say it still,
I cannot own it—no.

Then do not urge me more to name
What yet I never knew,
Lest some mistake I'd chance to make,
And say that I lov'd you.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

Ah ! see advance yon pensive form,
  Keen sorrow dwells upon his brow ;
No garments neat his limbs adorn,
  But tatters rudely round him flow :
His timid voice in piteous tone,
  Steals gently on the passing ear ;
And while he makes his sorrow known,
  His cheeks receive the falling tear :
Stranger, ask not who this may be,
It is the Child of Poverty.

With timid pulse his bosom beats,
  As lowly to the earth he bends—
And fancies on each gaze he meets,
  A look where softened pity blends :
But no—ah ! view what pale despair
  Now circles round his youthful brow ;
He finds but indignation there,
  And not a ray of mercy glow,—
For soon the stranger turns, you see,
  And scorns the Child of Poverty.

See night approach, in all its dread,
  The trembling boy no shelter finds,

The earth receives his weary head,
And horror o'er his slumber reigns :
Spurn'd and unknown, his youthful form
Sinks 'neath the sullen shades of even,
Exposed to many a reckless storm
That shake the darken'd vaults of Heaven ;
And bids their bursting power to free
The hapless Child of Poverty.

Now shrinking from the hollow blast,
His weary limbs no longer brave
Those storms, or scenes of sorrow past,
He sinks a victim to the grave :
Low down beneath the silent turf,
His bosom rests from all its woes ;
Freed from the poignant cares of earth,
Is pillow'd now in sweet repose :
Yet stranger, once this child like thee,
Was not the Child of Poverty.

Gay wealth, in giddy torrents poured
Around the home of stately mein ;
Gay circles join'd the festive board,
And friends and glittering crowds were seen;
The gilded halls then rang with joy,
The parents loud their doatings prove,

They clasp'd, they bless'd their smiling boy,
The emblem of their wedded love;
Nor did they dream that form would be
The trembling Child of Poverty.

But Fate approached with chilly hand,
And burst the joyous bands of mirth;
One parent died in foreign land,
The other droop'd to native earth;
No more the revel laugh was heard
To sound along the gilded halls,—
Their wealth, by ruthless hand secur'd,
The structure soon to ruin falls,
And leaves the beauteous boy you see,
The Child of Woe and Poverty.

Spurn'd now by all, the lovely youth
Was taught the rudest fate to bear,
And while he breath'd his mournful truth,
Too few would deign to lend an ear:
The dark'ning clouds of sullen grief
Stole from his cheek its peaceful bloom,
And Death, with kindred, kind relief,
Soon swept his victim to the tomb;
And not a friend now mourns for thee,
Sweet injur'd Son of Poverty.

Yet tho' no stately marble rears
To tell where now thy relics lay—
Thy turf, in vernal bloom appears
In memory to thy dark decay;
And oft some minstrel's harp shall tell,
While wandering near thy hallow'd spot,
How soon thy guileless bosom fell
To earth unnoticed and forgot;
And sound a requiem to thee,
Departed Son of Poverty.

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